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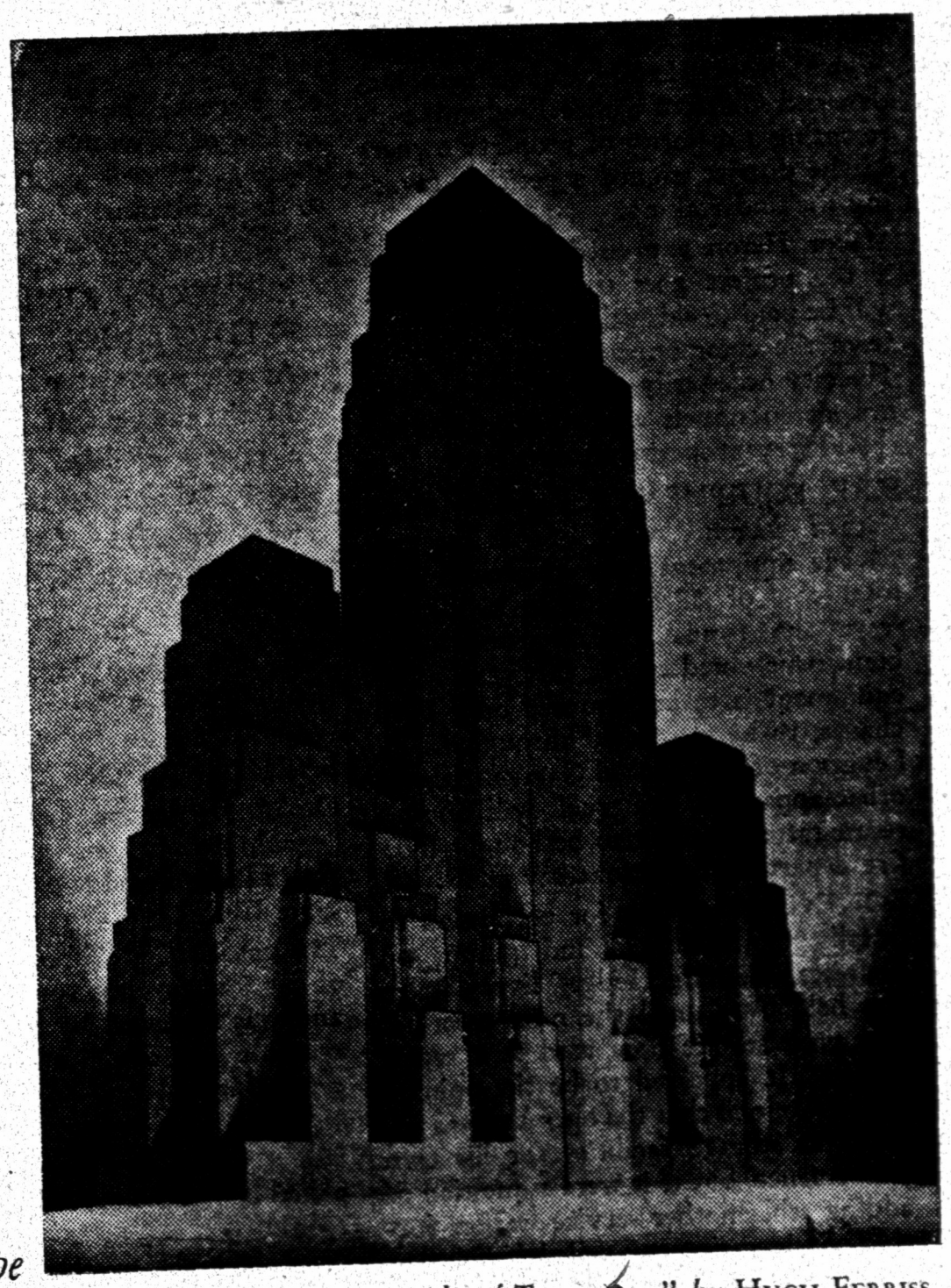

Envelope

—from "The Metropolis of Tomorrow," by HUGH FERRISS

HUGH FERRISS

WRITES ESPECIALLY FOR THE CARMELITE ON

The Architecture of New York---and Carmel

LOOKING over Manhattan this hard October morning, from this parapet atop the Architect's building, one pauses to reflect how far it is from Carmel—the longest stone's throw across America—and architecturally, how different. Erstwhile New Yorkers, now blessedly Carmelites, might be surprised, even aghast, by the most recent skyline.

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Carmel News

COUNCIL MEETING

Following is a summary of the proceedings at an adjourned meeting of the City Council held on Friday evening, October seventeenth:

PAVING. On the initiative of property owners concerned, preliminary steps were taken in connection with a limited program of paving in the business district. As outlined at present, the project includes Sixth Street from Monte Verde to San Carlos, and Monte Verde, Lincoln and Dolores between Ocean Avenue and Sixth.

Philip Wilson, Sr., and his son; Ben Wetzel, Robert Leidig, Councilman Jordan and Chief of Police Englund, representing a majority of property owners in the district, signed a petition favoring the undertaking.

Mayor Heron expressed the hope that if the project goes through, attention will be paid to sidewalk details to escape from the commonplace concrete strips. The city necessarily will be party to the project inasmuch as two frontages of the library property are involved.

FIRE EQUIPMENT. Purchase of a "squad wagon," with life-saving and salvage equipment, was authorized at a total cost of $2,217.20, to be drawn from the funds available under the bond issue voted earlier this year. The equipment is to be mounted on a Ford chassis, to be purchased through L. H. Levinson of the Carmel Garage. Among other apparatus, the truck will carry a resuscitator, the first to be bought by a fire department in Monterey county.

ZONING. A request for permission to install gasoline tanks and pumps on premises adjoining Hodges' livery stable was held over until the next meeting. The premises are now used as a repair garage. It appeared to be the opinion of the Council that the operator was entitled to storage facilities for his own convenience, but if it were a question of adding still another service station further consideration was called for in view of similar requests which have been denied.

The matter of an alleged violation of the zoning ordinance on Camino premises, which threatens to become a *cause celebre,* was again discussed. City Attorney Campbell recommended injunction proceedings in preference to "one of those famous Carmel trials."

Other matters of minor importance came before the Council in the session, which lasted until nearly midnight.

WESTON'S NEW YORK EXHIBIT DUPLICATED LOCALLY

The Edward Weston exhibit, now open in New York at the Delphic Studios, under the auspices of Alma Reed, will be duplicated in Carmel at the Denny-Watrous Galleries. The opening will take place Saturday, October twenty-fifth

A recent visitor to Carmel who had seen Weston's work five years ago, was struck with the steady progressive development of it. "There have been no sensational departures in technique. The growth has been sure and constant, but within." The "Art Digest" of New York and Paris, in its current issue, calls Edward Weston "perhaps the greatest exponent of photographic art in America."

Next week The Carmelite will have a review of Weston's exhibit by an exceptionally well qualified writer new to these columns.

BECHDOLT REVIEW BY FRED O'BRIEN

At the moment of going t eprssoo
At the moment of going to press, a review of Fred Bechdolt's new book, "Giants of the Old West," was received from Frederick O'Brien, world traveller and author of "White Shadows in the South Seas." It will appear in The Carmelite next week.

BARDARSON ON ICELAND

O. W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, repeated his interesting talk on Iceland last Tuesday evening at the Masonic Club.

The lecture of Mr. Bardarson is the fruit of his journey last summer to Iceland, and was reviewed by a Carmelite contributor in our issue of September eleventh.

* * *

Sunset School, by the way, has just completed its handsome and adequate supply room.

NOTICE

City taxes will be due and payable on Monday, October 20, 1930, and will be delinquent on Tuesday, December 30, 1930, at six o'clock P. M., and unless paid prior thereto, ten per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

Tax Collector's office open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

August Englund,
Tax Collector.

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

The first Girl Scout meeting since the summer vacation was held at the Scout House, Sixth and Lincoln, yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon

After the usual "warming up" game, every Scout present donned her thinking cap and got down to business There were plans to make and officers to elect for the coming season

Maxine Harbolt was elected Troop Scribe and will be assisted by Marie de Amaral and Patty Goblentz.

A House Committee of four was appointed, namely Betty Van Sant, Bernice Trowbridge, Jean Elaine Funchess and Alice Meckenstock.

A Court of Awards was planned for Wednesday, November fifth, at eight p.m., when merit badges won during the summer will be presented by Miss Ruth Huntington. All parents and friends of Scouts are cordially invited.

Plans for the following week include a tracking expedition on Thursday afternoon startng from the Scout House at four o'clock, and instruction in Second Class Badge work on Saturday morning at ten o'clock.

The flag was lowered ind taps sung at five thirty, after which the Scouts made a chain between the wood-pile and the basement and stowed away a portion of the wood so generously donated by Mrs. J. G. Burnette.

Any new girls wishing to join the troop are invited to do so at the next regular meeting on Wednesday, October twenty ninth, at three thirty.

Betty Phillips,
Scout Captain.

CARDINAL HAYES ON THE PENINSULA

During his stay on the Peninsula Tuesday and Wednesday, Cardinal Hayes made a tour of the Seventeen-Mile Drive and was entertained at the Pebble Beach residence of Tobin Clark. After visiting San Carlos Church, where he bestowed his blessing upon the children of the parochial school in charge of Mother Ottilia he departed Wednesday for Merced and Yosemite.

Cardinal Hayes came to San Francisco last week to participate in the golden jubilee ceremonies of St. Ignatius College, which has been established as the University of San Francisco.

It was hoped that his eminence would conduct the service of mass at Carmel Mission, but his itinerary did not permit. En route for Los Angeles, however, he will visit other old California missions.

TWO REVOLUTIONARIES OF SOUND AND COLOR

Walking through the woods last Sunday afternoon, I heard a strange noise. It was not the sort of noise which belongs to the woods. In fact, it was definitely disturbing. But I knew myself well enough to realize that I would not rest until I found out where that sound came from.

It led me to a house made of redwood, and round the back of that house to an open door. As I approached, the sound became more and more familiar until it finally resolved itself into the whirr of an electric lathe.

It was a long room, nearly all workshop evidently; tools and strange-looking objects were lying about, some of which looked like abortive experiments. There was someone at the lathe. It didn't matter, however, for he didn't see me. So I just walked around and made myself at home.

At the end of the workshop I saw that the length of the room extended itself to include a studio. Canvases of all sizes stood against the wall and on easels and chairs. I looked hard at these pictures. I could not quite make them out. They seemed to be landscapes, but the colors were purer and more vivid than Nature ever imagined in her most extravagant moments. Here were blues and reds and violets straight out of the tube. Here were rocks and seas such as exist in the background of the mind. Never did they become focussed into the mentality.

I was having a good time all to myself when I noticed that there was someone working behind an easel. She did not see or hear me because of the lathe and the noise it was making.

Just then the sound stopped and at the same moment the man came from his work and the painter from her easel. So there I was between them. I made no excuse but simply asked a question about one of the pictures. This was the beginning of one of the most interesting afternoons I have ever spent.

Here was a man who had given over his life to making mechanical and electrical experiments. He had made toys, automatic appliances of all sorts, and many queer, unheard-of things, useful and otherwise, until finally his experiments had led into the fascinating realm of sound. But more of this hereafter.

The painter put one picture after another on the easel for me and I would look in my bewilderment from the rhythmic blues and golds to her strange eyes where there seemed to be an understanding which I could not grasp. I didn't believe the pictures till I believed her belief in them. Then I began to see what she was doing. She was trying to get away from such contortions of the mentality as the modern world admires, into the place where the underlying rhythms of life and earth are felt.

We went from the workshop into the house, but it was just another workshop as far as I could see. Overhead was a great flat sheet of some kind of thin wood, suspended about six inches from the ceiling. In the centre of this was a vortex something like an inverted funnel. One side of the room was lined with books from floor to ceiling and at a quick glance I saw "The Roan Stallion" side by side with treatises on electricity. All sorts of poetry caught my eye: Villon, Shelley, Kreymborg, H. D., all sorts of textbooks on physics, chemistry and philosophy; and dozens of mystery stories.

It was the strangest room I ever saw. In one corner was a tall rack containing shelves and shelves of records. On the lowest shelf stood a series of radio tubes. On the mantle was a beautiful brass cobra with a light in its head.

More experiments got tangled in your feet as you went across the floor, and the Navajo rugs and the India prints and batiks gave a still more bizarre feeling to the room.

During tea we talked about sound . . . at least they did. They seemed to feel that we are approaching an age of sound such as we have never dreamed of. They spoke of the direct effect of sound in much the same terms as Cowell spoke last summer. They too felt that we are cowards regarding sound; that we are afraid of it. They talked of amplifying sound and asked if I would like to hear an amplified rendering of Strawinky's "Sacre du Printemps."

I nearly jumped out of my chair when it started. A deluge of sound descended upon me and for a few moments I was almost drowned in the waves of it. Imagine an enormous volume of pulsing sound pouring straight down on top of your head!

It was an experience I shall never forget. No music ever sounded like that before. It was tremendous and appalling but I did not ask for mercy. I was not going to be a coward.

Then they amplified the piano and it sounded like a series of great drums. I thought how Henry Cowell would like it or Rudhyar. They could get enough sound at last. They could let forth such torrents of sound as their hungry souls desire.

We spoke of the Theramin Vox and sure enough there was one in the corner. They let me try to play it and I got so fascinated that it got dark before I stopped. The most amusing part of the Theramin to me is that it howls when you go away from it! It takes an entirely new set of brains to play one. You get your melody by vibrating the right hand to and from a vertical bar and your volume by raising and lowering your left hand above a horizontal one.

These two find more fun in that workshop and studio than all Carmel does in the rest of Carmel.

When I got down the trail again I heard the motor going in the workshop and looking back I saw an orange smock at the easel. Apparently these things did not stop for lack of daylight. D. H.

****We offer an apology to readers. When Mrs. Hagemeyer told us of this story of the gifted people in the woods, we thought that she would tell their names. We do not like to leave our readers in the midst of a mystery. But it is on of those sincere situations in which the artists and workers wish to be left in silence. And it is, after all, the sort of freedom that many artists and workers come to Carmel to obtain. This paper will never be found trying to uncover the isolation of anyone, no matter how interesting, who prefers to be left undisturbed.*

THE WALVOGEL STUDIO, MONTEREY
ANNOUNCES AN EXTRAORDINARY SALE
CONTINUING UNTIL NOVEMBER 1st
REDUCTIONS
25 TO 50% ON DRESSES — CAPES — WRAPS
25 TO 50% ON WALL HANGINGS — PILLOWS
20% ON TABLE LINENS — RUNNERS — BED SPREADS
10% ON ALL ORDERS GIVEN DURING SALE

"QUALITY STREET"

Playlovers are delighted over the fact that "Quality Street," Barrie's charming comedy of Napoleonic times, will be played on the stage of the Golden Bough. On Saturday and Sunday nights, November first and second, Edward Kuster will transport his Carmel Playhouse cast, staff and equipment to the larger theatre, and for two nights the Golden Bough will again shine in its former splendor as one of the most delightful of American intimate playhouses.

In his staging of the Barrie comedy Kuster has grasped the opportunity offered by the situation presented by the third act, and will play the entire act on the forestage. The latter is shortly to be removed by the new moving picture lessee to make room for additional seats. This will therefore be the last use to be made of the forestage, the interesting and unusual device so much admired by Ruth Draper, Ruth St. Dennis, Maurice Browne, George Pierce Baker, Kenneth Macgowan and many other artists and experts of the theatre who have played or visited Carmel's famous little playhouse before it was turned over to motion pictures.

An exceptionally clever local cast has been gathered for "Quality Street." The following roles are announced:

Phoebe Throssel ..... Constance Heron
Susan Throssel ..... Marie Gordon
Recruiting Sergeant .... Fredric Bamford
Patty ..... Marian Todd
Miss Willoughby ..... Fern Hyde
Miss Fannie Willoughby .....
..... Margaret Grant
Miss Henrietta Turnbull .....
..... Clara Kennedy
Valentine Brown ..... Charles McGrath
Charlotte Parrott ..... Patsy Anderson
Ensign Blades ..... Gordon Smith
Lieutenant Spicer ..... Richard Collins
Harriet ..... Jean McCarthy
Arthur Wellesley Thomson .....
..... Kevin Wallace, Ted Ballam
Isabella ..... Joy Ballam
Guests at the Ball ..... Virginia Harris, Adelaide Dierssen, Peter Burke, Jean Morrison, John Bartlett and others.

The Children in the Throssel sisters' school will be represented by a group of Carmel children to be announced. A half-dozen clever and enthusiastic young people, under the leadership of Ruth Bown, are busy with settings and costumes, which are of the early nineteenth century and are exceptionally quaint and colorful. The dances are being arranged by Willette Allen and the music by Mrs. Charles Cooper.

"Quality Street," especially beloved by the generation that knew Maude Adams in her heyday, hardly needs an introduction to Carmel, and certainly no eulogy. Of all the Barrie comedies it is easily first favorite with American audiences.

Seats may now be reserved by mail. Season coupons will be honored as at the previous plays of the season in Carmel Playhouse. The ticket sale will commence Wednesday, October twenty-ninth, at the *kiosk* opposite the post-office.

F. M. S.

The next meeting of the Federated Missionary Society will be held at two-thirty Wednesday afternoon, October twenty-ninth, at Community Church hall.

The Misses Pierce of Alabama will tell of conditions among colored people of the rural sections of that state and of the school which Booker Washington called "the first daughter of Tuskegee." They will alo sing some Negro spirituals. The public is invited.

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SONGS FROM THE VALE OF KASHMIR

On the evening of Wednesday, October twenty-ninth, the chairs of the Denny-Watrous Gallery will circle a low central platform, on which, cross-legged, will sit Ratan Devi, native tambura resting against her turbaned head, in recital of Kashmiri folk songs and the East Indian *ragas*.

For those who have heard and seen her, Ratan Diva is an unforgettable figure, bringing the elusive quality of the music of ancient modes to the modern recital hall. William Butler Yeats says: "Ratan Devi's singing delighted me. It was as though a moment of life had caught fire, an emotion had come to a sudden casual perfection."

Henry Cowell this summer told Carmel audiences something of the eighth-tones and sliding intervals of Far Eastern music. Ratan Devi sings these almost imperceptible changes of pitch with moving, vibrant voice, subtle, swaying rhythm. Perhaps the best description is to quote from what some of those who have heard her have written:

Percy Grainger: "Here is a cosummate artist rendering consummate music. Here are delicacies and refinements of vocal technique utterly undreamt of by European art-singers. Our art-singers should go and listen."

New York "Times": "'Ratan Devi's singing of both the classical Indian *ragas* and Kashmiri folk songs was remarkable—especially in the *ragas*. Her voice has a beautiful richness and timbre, and her vocal technique, especially in the management of long phrases and ornamental figures, of a sort not often met with."

Redfern Mason, San Francisco "Examiner":—"Mme. Ratan Devi is the one solitary occidental of our generation who can interpret the musical genius of Hindustan."

Mme. Devi will speak briefly on the ragas, their source and character.

THE NEW "CRAFT EXCHANGE"

George Seideneck, Herbert Heron and James Glilingham have organized a Craft Exchange, to occupy the large studio at the Seven Arts. The Exchange will serve as a clearing house for the sale of articles, uesful and beautiful, made by Carmel craftsmen.

A reception will be given to mark the opening on Hallowe'en. October thirty-first, at eight o'clock. Nothing will be sold on that occasion, but all are invited to be present not only to view the best exhibit yet arranged in one place of Carmel crafts, but to meet the artists and designers as well.

DENNY WATROUS GALLERY
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE DOLORES STREET CARMEL
RATAN DEVI
COSTUME RECITAL OF KASHMIRI FOLK SONGS AND EAST INDIAN RAGAS — TAMBOURA ACCOMPANIMENT
WED. OCT. 29 AT 8:30 TICKETS 1.00
EXHIBITION, WESTON'S N. Y. SHOWING OF PHOTOGRAPHS

The Theatre

By EDWARD KUSTER

I am writing this from San Francisco. Here the Travers group, heartened by the success of "The Sea-gull" at Carmel, are producing Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya" this week-end. At the Guild Theatre, out on Sutter Street, Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is being done nightly, with Frederick Blanchard capably playing the leading role. The classics are thus well represented in two of San Francisco's homes of Little Theatre. The Community Playhouse of the Western Women's Club, at Sutter and Mason Streets, is inactive at the moment.

* * *

They are interested here in the renascence of interest in the theatre in Carmel, and regretful and mystified over the passing of the Golden Bough, information having reached the Little Theatre group that Carmel's well-known playhouse had gone permanently movie. It has been reported that the new lessees are about to alter or remove every physical feature which has made the Golden Bough so distinctively what it was before it entered on its movie career two years ago. I am assailed with protests and plied with inquiries.

May I point out that the interests that are about to take over the Golden Bough for a limited period are, so far as I know, not intending to do a single thing which is not dictated by sound business judgment and a recognition of the fact that the majority of Carmelites—at any rate those who keep the Golden Bough on its feet, so to speak—require at this time a motion picture house rather than a true theatre? Accordingly the lessees intend to transform the house immediately into an adequate showplace for motion pictures, with enlarged seating capacity, the latest and finest in sound and projection equipment, many added conveniences for the public, and even a new name.

But the Theatre of the Golden Bough, suspended for a few years, is not irretrievably lost. The forestage, beloved of the artists who have visited us, may be restored at slight cost—even the comfortable wicker chairs, with their friendly creaking, may be replaced! It is inconceivable that anyone has regretted the passing of the Golden Bough into the movie ranks two years ago than myself, but if it must be a movie I must say that I rejoice that it is to be made into a first-rate one. And I am cheerfully confident that at the end of the lease-term, the former recreational, cultural and *advertising* value to this community of the Theatre of the Golden Bough as originally operated during the first few years of its existence will have become so manifest to social, business and educational interests that the small annual sum required to restore it to its proper functions as a center for plays, music and carefully selected (hence expensive in the matter of film rental) motion pictures will be easily found. If I could carry the subsidy alone until the theatre again became, as it had become by 1927, self-sustaining in operation. I would gladly do so, but my individual means are not adequate to several years of substantial drain. Hence a few years' leasing to a strong and solvent moving picture organization during which time I venture to hope that a few clear heads in the social and business community will get together and decide once and for all whether the Golden Bough, as originally founded and operated, was a substantial asset to our kind and character of village. If so, I shall be found ready to do my share and more toward restoring it to its former status.

* * *

Tonight, at the University of California Greek Theatre, they are celebrating the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Vergil, with eight great educational institutions of the state joining the University in honoring the memory of the immortal poet. In the welter of city bill-boards advertising the standardized, rubber-stamp "entertainment" of the day, with its prevailing cheap-jack pornography and mushy sentimentality, I am reminded of Vergil's cry, "Oh, may the gods now disclose to me the Golden Bough, that I may be delivered from this dark wood!" The Golden Bough of the ancients—symbol of Man's imaginative power, passport to the kingdom of the spirit!

* * *

All highfalutin' aside, is it too much to hope that we may one day resume where we left off when the writer departed for Europe in 1927, continuing in the fulfillment of the originally announced purposes of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, namely, *to aid in developing the imaginative resources of the Carmel community.*

THE DRAMA GUILD

The Drama Guild will meet next Tuesday evening, October twenty-eighth, at Arts and Crafts Hall. The meeting will be devoted to *commedia* and members are requested to turn in their plots to Mrs. John Bathen.

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY
1930-1931 SEASON

OPENING CONCERT
GIESEKING PIANIST
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11 AT 8:30
THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

AGUILAR LUTE QUARTET — January 20
MINA HAGER, CONTRALTO — February 3
PIATIGORSKY, 'CELLIST — March 10

MAIL YOUR SEASON MEMBERSHIP NOW TO MRS. PAUL FLANDERS, P. O. DRAWER "Z," CARMEL.
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ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK —AND CARMEL

(*Continued from page one*)

A dozen strange towers, all of the order of the Woolworth, have sprung up over night; and yonder rises the new, the really titanic Empire building. It flag was raised only yesterday; that is to say, the last and loftiest steel member of the building proper was swung into place. There is yet to come the enormous "mooring mast"—really a tower in itself —which will bring the whole pile up to twelve hundred feet from the ground.

On sunny mornings there is a certain hour when one cannot look at this tower, at least from the writer's vantage point, with open eyes. The fact is, a polished metal has, for the first time, been used over large areas of the facade. In wide strips, it flanks each window from base to pinnacle—an event in the development of strictly modern building materials. The play of light and shade on the mirror-like steel surfaces is something to watch; but when the sun's angle is right (as it is at this moment of writing) the tower is literally a blaze of reflected sunlight.

But if one leaves the picturesque for the critical point of view, his eye inevitably travels down that shaft to the streets at its base—calculating the effect of the building's fifteen thousand population on their already tragically congested traffic.

Everywhere below—down there where one just glimpses Park and Fifth Avenues—the old warfare is still going on apace; each of the bitterly opposing sides is daily increasing in numbers; more pedestrians, more vehicles. Soon, perhaps, the great American struggle will be decided on these very city streets and we will at last know who is to be master—man or machine.

How is one to react to all this metropolitan turmoil? Three characteristic reactions at once come to mind. In the first place, there are those who plunge into it and actually love it: most of them are under thirty and have been here less than five years. Then there are the hordes who have simply surrendered themselves to it; ye gods! the apathetic faces in the subways, mornings and evenings. And then there are also the fortunates who escape; "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree"—in short, Carmelites (or have you decided to say Carmelians?).

Theoretically, there is a fourth possible reaction: stay here and refashion it into something better. It may be possible, but it is scarcely probable, that one would stand the ghost of a show. Yet

HUGH FERRIS, well known architectural designer and renderer, spent the winter of 1927 in Carmel. His book "The Metropolis of Tomorrow" was published last fall. The accompanying article was written especially for The Carmelite.

if one had to tilt awhile at such a windmill, he might be heartened to no small degree by at least occasional sojourns at Carmel; he could bring back with him an ideal, or even a sort of mental model, of communities really fit for human beings.

At the moment of writing, I am thinking especially of skyscrapers—and comparing yonder Empire building with the famous skyscraper of Carmel; *i.e.*, Jeffers' three-story tower. And in chancing to think of the latter, it just dawns on me that it is a symbol which, properly intrepreted, reveals where American architecture stands today. (If this idea doesn't expand later on into a book, I will eat my hat—assuming that after the present business depression architects have any hats.)

The point is this: In each of the really distinct architectural periods of the past (such as Greek, Roman, Gothic) one finds that its whole unique character was really the product of three particular factors. On the one hand, there was for each a characteristic material factor—certain building materials at hand, wood or brick or stone, and certain practical requirements to be met. On the other hand, there was ever some characteristic method of putting these materials together to meet these requirements; there was the post and beam system of construction, or the arch and vault, or the pointed arch, groined vault and flying buttress; in short, there was some characteristic intellectual approach. Just as the Material may be said to be work for the architect in the role of Laborer, so the method was work for him in the role of Thinker.

This combination of brawn and brain might at any time produce a rational structure; but in all of the really noble periods of Architecture, a third factor enters: the work of the laborer and of the thinker are fused into something of a higher order by the work of the artist. In other words, architecture is a labor and a science and also an art; the doing and thinking are fused by the feeling; an architect, to really deserve his title, must be laborer and scientist and artist, all three.

Now what has happened in this country in the last half century is that with the

coming of the Machine, the first or material actor of architecture has been completely revolutionized. Instead of wood, brick or stone—which are gradually being relegated to secondary use—we have, for primary use, steel, reinforced concrete, glass and metal alloys. The Machine Age has likewise brought with it, definite practical requirements—in industrial plants, business skyscrapers and multiple dwellings—which never before existed. Labor, moreover, is now performed not mainly by hands but mainly by machines.

We have here one factor, the initial factor, of a really distinct architectural epoch (already referred to as "Machine Age Architecture"). And furthermore, the second esential factor is also present; *i.e.*, we have developed, to an advanced stage, a unique and characteristic science of construction; indeed, in architecture as in other fields, this is preeminently "the scientific age."

But what of the third factor? Ah, there's the rub. The modern laborer, the machine, is here; the modern scientist is here; but, in architecture at least, the modern artist has not yet appeared.

In his absence, we can see quite plainly what is going on in architectural circles today; the debate of the hour is between the "Traditionalists" and the "Modernists." Traditionalists may be said to be those architects who cannot relinquish the desire that there be beauty in buildings; but who, finding themselves suddenly surrounded by new materials and new techniques for which they are incapable of creating correspondingly new art forms, expend their energy in the pathetic attempt to revive forms long cold.

Opposed to them are the Modernists; the latter comprise men who are strongly drawn, on the one hand, by the lure of new materials and new techniques, and repelled, on the other, by the romanticism and revivalism of the Traditionalists, have come to throw over the notion of beauty altogether; better no sentiment, they say, to sentimentality. The results, in increasing numbers, are the "logical structures," the impersonal and mechanistic masterpieces, the cold triumphs of science from which the spirit of art is excluded.

Whatever regrets such a situation may cause—and many will regret the gradual departure of familar architectural styles and the surface ugliness which ever characterizes a period of experiment—it is, in fact, the invaluable sign of vitality. For the art impulse cannot freshly and fully manifest itself until the artist has crystallized, on the one hand, an intellectual conception and, on the other, mastered his material; no more so than could the flash of electricity occur until both positive and negative poles have been set up in a magnetic field. What we are doing just now is, so to speak, to set up the two poles of a new architectural field. When both material factors and the logic of our novel situation are clearly established, then and not until then, the creative spirit of art may flash forth.

It is true that many Modernists do not realize what they lack; discrediting the heart, they affirm that the hand and the head are the only essentials of architectural accomplishment. But it is precisely here that the stone tower of Carmel might become a symbol to illuminate their darkness. For there was a case where one man performed all of functions. The preconceived plan, the method of construction, were the contribution of the Thinker; the material rolled up the shore and assembled in the appointed place were the contribution of the Laborer. But the final result, the fusion of the two preceding elements, is undubitably the work of the *poet*.

P.-T. A. DANCE

The Parent-Teacher's Association will hold a dance, with refreshments, at Sunset School Friday evening, October twenty-fourth.

Said one parent in giving the announcement:

"It is said that a man can dance with everyone but his wife. This is going to be tested, for a competitive dance of married couples is to be one of the features of the evening. It is up to the ladies to make their mates dance in the ball room as well as at home."

WOMAN'S CLUB BRIDGE

The Bridge Section of the Carmel Woman' Club will meet Monday, October twenty-seventh, at two o'clock, in the Girl Scout House. Hostesses for the afternoon will be Mrs. Joyce and Mrs. Abernethy.

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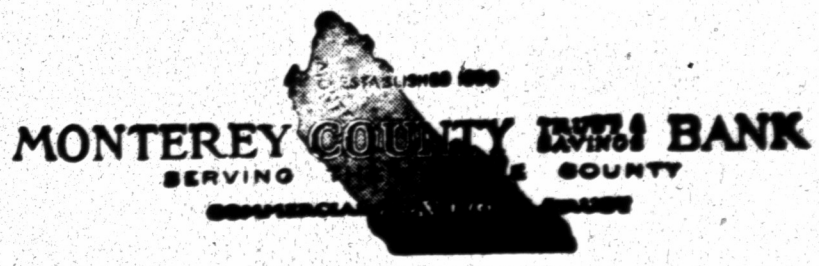

GULCH NOTES

by O. J.

This week Dr. Laurence Bass-Becking is in Berkeley, where he will deliver a report on his work at the Hopkins Marine Station, Pacific Grove, before the conference of deans of the Association of American Universities. The association is having its thirty-second annual meeting. There will be sixty educators from twenty-nine learned institutions, and they will not hear a more interesting report than Dr. Becking's, we imagine.

Word has gone forth that this valued fellow-townsman is going to leave Carmel, leave America and return to his native Holland, where he will assume a post of high honor. We do not know the reasons for this decision, but whatever they are, his departure is profoundly regrettable. Carmel will lose one who ever contributed vitality of thought and charm of expression to her gatherings. Dr. Becking is more than a scientist; he is a humanist and a wit. He is also a poet, as The Carmelite hopes to show its readers in an early issue. We shall miss him very much.

§ §

Frederick O'Brien says: "I would return, if I could, not to youth, but to the forties, when a man's accumulated experience makes him enjoy more keenly." "Yes,'" said Ralph Fletcher Seymour, "I took a holiday once in the late thirties. I went to Paris and was one of the youngsters of Montparnasse. I took six hundred dollars with me, stayed a year and never sent for more. It was a great time."

§ §

Said Ezra Pound to Michael Gold:
"Your proletariat leaves me cold";
Said Michael Gold to Ezra Pound:
"You arty boys are all unsound."

And so Mike and Ezra exchange compliments and brickbats in the latest issue of Mike's organ "The New Masses." According to Ezra the only people who deserve any consideration whatever is a small group in the great capitals of the world who read five languages and speak three. To Michael Gold a much larger group—but one which to our mind is also an intellectualized abstraction—the thinking proletariat, are the only ones deserving a moment's pause in his affairs.

But between these two strata there must be an exceedingly large number of people who have some stake in the world.

For example take the characters of Robinson Jeffers' poems. Are they proletarians? Are they aesthetes? We think not. So it would seem there is a huge unclassified portion of the world's population, who have tremendously interesting passions, desires, tragedies, triumphs, pleasures and pains that are of no more interest to either Mike Gold or Ezra Pound than so many old shoes on the dump.

But both these men are brilliant men, and both, though they exchange compliments rather haughtily across a deep abyss, thoroughly admire and undereach other. They stand in peculiarly salient positions on opposite poles of opinion. Both are subtle intellectuals—despite Michael Gold's attacks on "intellectuals"—and both have a consummate command of all the elaborate and powerful means of rhetoric: of exaggeration, of antithesis, of logic, of withering irony.

Furthermore, they are both masters of human nature; they know all the strength and weaknesses of the men of their times, and know how to practice on them. And Ezra and Mike are more than ordinarily touched with the genius of their time.

The genius of the time has adamant in it. It is not the type of genius that has much use for compassion. It is like the genius of the machine, and if a machine could talk I think it would say something on this order: "Look here, you. All that I know about charity is to go as fast as the devil and get as much done as possible. So you get out of my way."

§ §

Coming along in the mornings from the gulch, the deep dust is thickly starred by quails' feet, and the old oaks near the log cabin on Monte Verde are populated with them, looking very much like ladies of the eighties dressed for a ball and out all night with their plumes waving. They are so tame that with a little effort one could talk to them. A fellow feels thankful for the strict game laws of California, which provide that only a minimum of these dramatically marked wild fowl reach the dinner tables.

§ §

IT IS SURPRISING TO HEAR:

—That Mahatma Gandhi once was a practicing lawyer in South Africa and earned more than fifteen thousand dollars a year.

—That Thomas Hardy never in his life allowed himself to be weighed, believing it was bad luck.

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON CARMEL

The Carmelite's suggestion last week of more benches for Carmel met with a real response from many quarters. One resident, giving her approval, also called attention to the deplorable condition of the paths in Carmel. "Carmel used to be a delightful place to walk," she said, "but the increased traffic combined with the present condition of the paths makes it difficult indeed for those of us who, as you say, still have legs and use them. I am heartily in favor of definite action both to procure more benches and more comforts of every kind under foot."

From still another quarter, the very sensible suggestion has been put forward that as a part of the street department's winter program, steps might be erected along Scenic Drive at convenient points leading down to the beach. Unless one has the agility of an Alpine climber, there are at present only two easy places of descent to the beach and those points are practically the length of Scenic Drive apart.

Rustic steps could be set into the face of the sea-wall without in any way detracting from the naturalness of the scene. It is a convenience needed not so much for youthful week-enders as for mothers of young children who have first claim to the beach.

§ §

Believing that he should be able to check up on other entrants to the Carmelite contest, if any, the editor of this column last Friday gave up reading of every sort for one month, except routine matters, manuscripts, clippings, etc., strictly necessary to his job on The Carmelite. So far it is a real eye-opener.

§ §

Unsugared candour is a rare thing, and also a little fearsome. But the candid person, oddly enough, no matter how he or she may make us wince, is nearly always a popular and valued person. And candour is delightfully quotable. We don't mean malice. Candour is most quotable in the degree that it is not malicious. One of the most quotable ladies in Carmel is very candid. She says: "Anything that can succumb to destruction probably ought to be destroyed." But she also says: "I can't get over talking to God. Sometimes I say to God: 'It must be awfully hard on you, God, to see me this way.' "

§ §

Watching three little girls perform dances which they had invented to

simple tunes, I said to myself, "This is the way spontaneous creation comes to unsophisticated peoples." The dance had joy, it was not self-conscious. It had precision, it was not all over the place. It had form and design, it was not amorphous. It had unity. It was perfectly collaborated, there was no "star part." It was a thrilling experience.

§ §

VERGIL

Last week the two thousandth birthday of Vergilius Maro, better known as Virgil, author of the "Æneid," was celebrated by all Italy, but especially Mantua, where he was born; Brindisi, where he died; Naples, where he loved to work; and Rome, where the emperor Augustus courted his talents. Vergil did a hard job well. Commanded by the emperor to write a glorified advertisement of the new empire and the great peace, he took the commission soberly and seriously, and produced a classic that is still alive, because of its stately music and compassionate wisdom. Some people like the homely agricultural Georgics better, so finely reviewed elsewhere in this issue by Edna Owings, short-story writer who was long a resident of Carmel. Vergil polished the Georgics all his life and loved them best. It is a curious fact that on his deathbed he ordered the "Æneid" destroyed, because he could not revise it.

§ §

YOU REMEMBER IT SOMEHOW—

Dawn, from a window on the grand canal. Eastward over the Rialto bridge, the sky is a liquid pearl, but living and changing. The greenish, brownish canal is as still as mercury. Out of a small dark hole of a *rio* across the way comes the enormous nose of a barge. It looks like Noah's Ark in old bibles. It inches into the stream and swings around. On its poop is a bare-legged man, pants rolled up to his knee, and a tramp's hat. Between his legs runs a long heavy tiller and both hands are busy with a sweep. He seems to be dancing, but he is really working the tiller with his legs, jumping to this side, jumping to that side, sometimes jumping over the tiller completely. The barge he propels so laboriously is piled high with vegetables. Such be-ootiful vast masses of vegetables, their colors brilliant with dew. Rich artichoke purples, cabbage purples, tons of glittering tomatoes, radishes, shimmering lettuce. Halfway up the side of this mountain of vegetables sits a bare-headed woman, sewing, her gown gathered around her. And on the very top, brown, small, stark-naked, lies a baby kicking and cawing at the Adriatic sky.

Getting Out The Carmelite

Not for anything would I be connected with one of those vast word factories where you sit in a little office and write your stuff and then send it a mile through a tube or by a copy boy—and never see, hear or smell the real works. What I like about working on The Carmelite is the cheek-by-jowl arrangement of writing ink and printing ink, the motley jobs you are likely to have, the way everybody from Frank Sheridan to Joe Schoeninger turns in and does his bit in the printing office to get the paper out—late—at the last minute.

The first day I came to the Carmelite office—after stopping at Slevin's to buy a blotter, a pen and a pencil—the job that awaited me was to nail together the associate editor's desk. It was standing, but it was just barely standing, and the top was only held together by a big sheet of cardboard. The perfectly good shelf for the feet underneath, I found, turned out to be not a shelf for the feet, but the board that was missing from the top. So Joe Coughlin gave me a box full of rusty nails and I nailed the desk together. And now it is one of the most sympathetic companions I have ever known. It has a rhythmic movement exactly adapted to the sitter. It sways gently with every mood that sweeps me.

It is a swell desk though, with acreage on top and great depths underneath for the legs to ply in—and no drawers for stuff to gather and go dead on you.

Following the nailing together of the desk I found that an important part of the job was to listen to funny stories. The Carmelite office is where the most prominent citizens of Carmel come to tell their funny stories. When the associate editor was not listening to funny stories he would be handed an envelope by Frank Sheridan and commanded to "address this to the dramatic critic of the Hopatkong 'Steam Whistle,' will you?"

Then Mrs. Bathen calls up to say that Miss Baer will send in the Drama Guild copy in the morning, and Miss Berry insists that she can't write up the W. I. L. P. F. under any consideration, but finds herself writing it just the same, and Joe Coughlin says: "Better keep after Ted Kuster, because he never gets his copy in until the last minute Wednesday."

Wednesday is a pretty tough day. Steadily the linotype hisses, groans and sweats, spitting out its clean-cut lead slabs, hot enough to blister your fingers, and on the composing slab the forms take shape a good deal like laying bricks in one of those pavements that have a design when the spaces are all filled up. The forms are hammered down and

[CONTINUED OVERLEAF

WOVEN LEAVES . . .

Rich tapestries of woven gold and red
Are spread upon the mountains like a cloak,
Sewn from yellow birch and purple oak
Whose every tinted leaf becomes a thread.
From glory to more splendid glory led,
My heart drank in the color and awoke
To unknown worlds great beauty can evoke
When all that chains our sympathy has fled.
Drenched in this vivid brilliance all the hills
Stand calm and restful in the autumn air.
Some hidden meaning in their beauty thrills
And trembles through me, not in sudden flare
But penetrating deep it slowly fills
The emptiness of lonely vigils there.

—ALBERT V. FOWLER

[In sending the manuscript of this poem from Syracuse, New York, Mr. Fowler wrote that he spent a summer in Carmel two years ago and had since maintained connections with the town through The Carmelite.]

GETTING OUT THE CARMELITE

(Continued from the preceding page)

squdged up tight, then unsqudged, corrected and squdged again, and slung onto the press, face outward, very much in the manner of slinging a spare tire into its irons on the back of your car.

Jesse Mitchell, much-travelled printer, takes a stance in front of the press the way a catcher gets behind the bat. He and the press begin their eternal "see-saw *clunk*, see-saw *clunk*, see-saw *clunk*. There are six thousand *clunks* to every issue of The Carmelite.

By this time everybody around the place is reading proof, and Joe Schoeninger is raising cain because half a column of type he thought he had hidden in a safe place in the front office has disappeared and been thrown into the melting pot on the linotype machine to be chewed up and spewed out this week into words written by someone else.

One, two, three, four, up to six, the forms follow each other in this way until nine-thirty Wednesday night, with Joe Coughlin on the linotype machine and Jesse at the press. Or sometimes, and quite often, it is Mrs. Coughlin, many-sided and competent lady, at the linotype (she learned the intricacies of a press-room once in Shanghai during the native boycott in 1925, when every foreign man and woman had to turn to everyday tasks that ordinarily are beyond the pale of foreigners in the East.) The linotype machine, by the way, is an uncanny animal. It has more legs, arms, eyes, teeth, claws, sinews and bumpy things than any creature ever devised by nature. It is much more complicated than a kangaroo, inside and out. But it is unlike an ordinary animal in that most of its insides seem to be outside. It requires constant treatment to its digestive, respiratory and circulatory system, by the operator—who pats it and readjusts it all the time, like a mama fixing the frills of her little boy.

Quite often, when there is no typewriter handy, Joe sits down at the linotype machine and writes an "open letter" to somebody straight out of his head and into type metal.

Thursday morning, with two forms to go and no time to do them in, practically all Carmel gets the calling fever and calls at the Carmelite office. (Don't stop, we rather like it.) But finally about two minutes before the time of issue, Mrs. Coughlin, Mrs. Mitchell, Frank Sheridan and the associate editor line up on both sides of a long table, and like so many big white gulls the sheets begin to fly around the office until they gently subside into neat piles of four each, folded, which constitutes the so-called Carmelite, a celebrated weekly published in this village of the blessed. The press is still clunking out the last form.

Joe Schoeninger now rushes in to read the first copy off the press, and he immediately goes forth with stacks for the news-stands. The paper is out, and everybody at once begins to wonder what in the world there is left to write about for the next issue.

What I like about working on The Carmelite is that it gives you a grand sense of organic variety, it lets you in on every picturesque and romantic step in the process, and you can't tell what wild job you may be called upon to do next. It is like playing in a continuous *commedia* with intervals here and there for a good laugh There are not too many cooks. Too many *good* cooks never did spoil a broth anyway. There are really not enough cooks. The Carmelite is Carmel's continuous *commedia del'arte* and we wish everybody in Carmel would play in it, something or other. O. J.

***The general factotum of the Carmelite back office takes exception to the suggestion that "getting out The Carmelite" is anything but an orderly process. There is the appearance of confusion, of course, but it is orderly confusion, arising from the fact that we crowd into two days what would require a week if taken leisurely. Four days of the week are devoted to "job" printing, which grows in volume with every passing day (Advt.) and is not drawn entirely from Carmel by any means. One day last week we did a poster for San Francisco, announcement cards for Los Angeles and a small catalogue for New York. Which is as it should be.

A CARMELITE IN "DANGER LIGHTS"

Frank Sheridan's latest screen vehicle, "Danger Lights," ((R.-K.-O.) is now being shown in the larger cities of the country and in due time may be expected to reach one of the peninsula theatres. It was for this picture that Frank Sheridan journeyed to Montana several months ago "on location," and it will be recalled that some of his experiences connected with the production were related in The Carmelite at the time.

Commenting on "Danger Lights," the staff critic of the Kansas City "Star" writes:

"In the technique of recording and expert photography this is one of the finest pictures the 'talkies' have presented. The story is not big and the plot is a bit stereotyped, but there is a fine air of sturdy masculinity to the film and a refreshing breath of outdoor adventure. The tough-knuckled engineers, the soot-belching locomotives and the screaming whistles are a great relief after too many jazz-tooting saxophones and the pomaded backstage heroes.

"Frank Sheridan, who plays the best Irishman on the screen and who is one of the best character men anywhere, gives another of his lovable, convincing characterizations."

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Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

Thinking of those one-night stands I did with both Great and Small, I can't say that I look back upon them with regret. They contained much that was disagreeable, but there was always the thought that it was only for a day and that the next town couldn't be worse—but it frequently was. Also, there were the awkward "jumps" from one town to another that would make that idiotically calm and happy creature that became a sort of vogue a few years back—Polly-ana—turn into a vinegary young termagant if she had a half-dozen or so thrown at her every month.

Here is a sample of what we'd only too often read on the "CALL," which is a sheet of instructions about the next town we were to play, with their hotels and their "rates":

COMPANY LEAVES—3 A. M.
DEPOT—The same.
R. R.—The same.
CHANGE—At Punk Jct., 4:48 A. M.
LEAVE—Punk Jct. at 7:17 A M. *via* X. Y. Z. R. R. Change at Tankville for A. B. & C. R. R. (Another depot.) Leave Tankville at 1:03 P. M.
ARRIVE—3:58 P. M.

Now that jump isn't exaggerated a bit. Before railroads became civilized—when the country did not have half the network of rails that exists today—jumps like this one were quite frequent during the season, and on one of them we'd curl up at the junction points on anything; on the benches in the stations, in chairs, on the floor with our suit-cases or a pillow, hugging the stove in winter time (if the fire hadn't gone out) and sleep as soundly as if the wood we lay on was a nice springy mattress.

In summer time I have had many hours of good sleep on a pile of trunks that would be loaded on a truck. That was a choice place if you had picked the trunks that were going on your train; you didn't have to worry about being called.

The women had to stand it just the same as the men, except that we would give them the comfortable chairs if there was a choice, or the warmest corner, if there was a fire. I will say this for the sex: they weren't half as grouchy as the men were on trips like these; any at any rate they wouldn't swear—nothing more emphatic than damn—or at least I never heard them.

But we'd get lots of laughs out of that rather hard life. It's really surprising how smooth the rough places become when you possess a sense of humor and see how ridiculous the average person becomes when conventions are thrown aside as they are when strange conditions come knocking at the door.

There was one incident that illustrates. In a company with me were a couple of youngsters, she about eighteen, he about twenty-one. They had an awful case on each other—holding hands and talking with their eyes at every chance. Both were getting small salaries, about twenty-five a week.

The hotels in those days were American plan in small towns, ranging from a dollar to two and a half a day. There would be the usual reduction for two in a room.

Now these kids would dig up the cheapest hotels as their salaries didn't permit many two-dollar hotels a season—so one day on the train they were looking over the "Call," discussing the cheap ones on it, and there was nothing less than a dollar and a half single. They both expressed pain at the "awfully high prices." I was sitting right in back of them and heard their wails. Knowing they were crazily in love, I leaned over and said, "If you two want to get the double rate and save a half or a dollar a day, why don't you do the sensible thing and get married?" Embarrassment and giggles. A few nice encouraging prods from me, and he said, "Will you?" Blushing to the back of her ears, she replied, "Uh-uh," meaning yes, and dived into his coat collar.

Fast-working Frank got busy and told the other three women of the company that the kids were going to be married that day. I knew that if you told a woman that one of her sisters on the road was going to have her bills paid by one of my brothers, and said woman could have a finger in the affair, it would be a cinch for three women, all party to the plot, too keep up the excitement. It worked. They were married about four o'clock that afternoon. It was a small town, five or ten thousand population, and by some occult process, that we poor males can never understand, half the women in that town were as excited about it as our women were.

(Ladies, I ask you, what is there about a wedding that transports you so?)

We did a big business and the Newlyweds were the hit of the show. We gave them a nice wedding supper, garnished with a lot of joshing and good wishes.

They got the double rate that night.

(*To be continued*)

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ANN MATHEA'S FOLK SONG RECITAL

A beautiful Norwegian girl sang to us on Tuesday evening at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. This was Ann Mathea. She brought with her the joy of living—a resonance which seemed to be a combination of earth and sun and the air from high mountains.

She sang her Norwegian songs first because she loved them best she said. She told us a little story about them before she sang them. These tales were quite as delightful as the singing. The first song, "Jesus Kristus," was a hymn from the twelfth century, sung with simple reverence. The second one, "The Song of the Huldre," after its story was told, brought a sense of wild places, lonely valleys and strange weird creatures which lie in wait for the wayfarer. There is a clear, far-reaching power in Ann Mathea's voice which seems to belong to the forests and the hills. Her echo song had this quality in full measure. We would like to hear that song in the mountains where the reply of the echo could play back and forth uncaged by walls. This first group of songs contained perhaps her finest singing. They were sung from love and understanding. As she stood there in her Norwegian costume, with her "long blonde braids" and her sweet open face, Ann Mathea was a creature of absolute charm. She sang with the whole of herself; as if she would rather be singing than doing anything else in the world.

The group of French songs was sung in a costume which the girls of Brittany use for their Confirmation, and later for their marriage. "Bergerettes," by Wickerlin, gave the singer scope for her delightful whimsicality and also for a crisp finish to her phrases which made the song clean-cut and effective. The lovely slumber-song which followed was a quick transition from fun to tenderness, while "Avec mes Sabots" captured the audience's whole heart. This song is well known, but the particular charm which Ann Mathea's voice and personality gave it will not be easily forgotten.

The last group was a series of Dutch songs. Transformed into a Dutch peasant girl by her wooden shoes and her peaked cap, the singer put the atmosphere of Holland into those folk songs as truly as she had given herself to the others.

* * *

Shibley Boyes at the piano gave us some of the things we always love to hear: Brahms, Debussy and Goossens. "The Golliwog" of Debussy was given with a true understanding of its playfulness and the "Music Box" of Goossens was very cleverly done. The "Hurdy-Gurdy" which was played as an encore pleased the audience greatly as it always does when well played. These piano pieces were a very fine addition to an unusually delightful evening.

D. H.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR SHIPMENTS
OF NEW BOOKS FOR THE
HOLIDAYS, THE SEVEN
ARTS OFFERS MANY
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ULAR STOCK AT
HALF-PRICE

"PIERROT LUNIERE" IN SAN FRANCISCO

The New Music Society of California made history the other night—Wednesday, October fifteenth, to be exact—when it gave the first performance of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Luniere" to be given west of Chicago.

Due to the indefatigable efforts of Henry Cowell, director of the society, Pedro Sanjuan, distinguished conductor of the Havana Symphony Orchestra, was present to conduct. Mr. Sanjuan has been guest conductor in the Hollywood Bowl, and is well known in the Eastern and European centers, where his knowledge and understanding of modern works is held in great regard. With a small orchestra made up of members of the San Francisco Symphony and the Berkeley Little Symphony Orchestra and others, the music was excellently played under the dynamic baton of Pedro Sanjuan.

The program included not only the *piece de resistance,* "Pierrot Luniere," but Wallingford Reigger's "Sonorities," Carl Ruggles' "Portals," a work of the Latin American, Roldan, and a work of Pedro Sanjuan.

Rudolphine Radil, who is remembered for bringing to Carmel her operalogue of "Jonny Spielt Auf," sang the part of Pierrot, half singing, half declaiming. Too much cannot be said in praise of her singing of the difficult intervals, the almost impossible vocal score. She received high tribute from the audience She treated the part in the manner directed by Schoenberg, dressed in black as the moon-mad Pierrot, face mask-white, black book in hand, standing motionless on a cube of black, all against a black curtain.

And the audience! Everyone was there. At seven-thirty they began to come and at nine o'clock they were still coming. Every available inch of the gallery, with all the standing room taken, chairs brought in from downstairs, and people standing around the door. Basil Cameron, new director of the San Francisco Symphony, Mrs. Alfred Hertz, the Tobin Clarks, Albert Bender, the music critics, students, musicians, artists, the regular concert-goers, and some thirty from Carmel—all were there, to hear new music.

D. D.

Books

MR. MARO'S GEORGICS

A Book Review by EDNA OWINGS

On the fifteenth of October I attended a dinner given in honor of a newly-discovered poet. The occasion was, in fact a birthday celebration at which, since the poet himself could not be present, our hostess read aloud selections from his quite remarkable treatise, in verse, on the subject of farming. He has written, she told us, other poems. There is his epic, for one thing. But in the Georgics he achieved a work comparable to no other of its kind, a work of consummate artistry. It is a comparatively slender volume, barely overstepping two thousand lines, and yet it was seven years in the making. That is to say, the author's average rate of production was a little less than a line a day. On the other hand, the result has proved so satisfactory that even the poet himself, if he were able to recall his book from circulation at this minute, would not, they say, in any way have it altered. The poet's name is Vergil.

The Georgics (from *ge,* meaning earth and *ergon,* meaning work) comprises four books, of which the first concerns itself with cereal crops and their suitable soils to grow in, and with such aspects of the weather as conduce to their advantage and disadvantage, and with the fitness of the several seasons for sowing and garnering respectively. Warnings against slothfulness and advices as to thrifty management are not neglected, nor warnings against such matters as "the baneful mildew," and "the lazy thistle bristling in the fields," not to mention burrs, caltrops, and "the luckless darnel and barren oats." For, as the poet reminds us, "the great Father himself has willed that the path of husbandry shall not be smooth." And again he says, "Toil conquereth the world, unrelenting toil, and want that pinches when life is hard."

He has his superstition, of which he is not ashamed, and for which we, seeing how he wraps them in gossamer and suffuses them with a golden glow, can scarcely be sorry. "The Moon herself," he says, "has ordained various days in various grades as lucky for work." And then he points out some of the unlucky ones, accounting for their baneful effects from his profound store of classical learning. Nor does he hold himself above describing painstakingly the implements of the farm, "the share and the curved plough's heavy frame, the slow-rolling wains of the Mother Eleusis, sledges and drags, and hoes of cruel weight; further, the common wicker ware of Celeus, arbute hurdles and the mystic fan of Iacchus," implements which, if they are not to our modern mind the most "efficient," have yet a simplicity and a beauty, as indicated by the poet, which must recommend them to all sympathetic temperaments. In the main, he is sufficiently progressive.

> "In alternate seasons you will let your fields lie fallow after reaping, and the plain idly stiffen with scurf; or, beneath another star, sow yellow corn in lands whence you have first carried off the pulse that rejoices in its quivering pods, or the fruits of the slender vetch, or the brittle stalks and the rattling tangle of the bitter lupine."

Alhough the purpose of the poem is, primarily, to instruct, and although it never wanders from its purpose, still neither does it lapse into prose: never is it dull. The acount of spring, in the second book is, like a Boticelli painting, fine-spun, exquisite.

Book II deals with horticulture, more especially with the culture of the vine. Here, again, soils and seasons are carefully considered in their relation to the earth's produce and man's enjoymnt of it; sage advice as to the maintenance of high standards of production is administered; plant pathology is discussed, and remedial measures are suggested; and all interspersed, quite naturally with rarely beautiful descriptive passages. As for instance this, on a forest fire:

> "For oft from the thoughtless shepherds falls a spark, which, lurking at first unseen under the rich bark, fastens on the trunk, and, gliding to the leaves aloft, sends to heaven a mighty roar (*ingentem caelo sonitum dedit*); then running on, reigns supreme among all the boughs and high treetops, wrapping all the grove in fire, belching skyward black clouds of pitchy darkness; most of all, if a tempest from above has swooped down upon the woods, and a favoring wind masses the flames."

The third book has to do with livestock, their breeding and most advantageous upbringing. It includes, among many fine passages, a spirited description of a horse and a magnificent clash between a pair of bulls, the object of their unhappy solicitude meanwhile "grazing in Sila's great forest, a lovely heifer." For, as the poet reminds us a little later, "every single race on earth, man and beast, the tribes of the sea, cattle and birds of brilliant hue, rush into fires of passion." After which he proceeds to a consideration of "fleecy flocks and shaggy goats."

The topic of the fourth book is, in a word, honey. The poet more charmingly calls it *aerii mellis caelestia dona.* Himself the son of a bee-keeper, he has observed with great felicity, and in a spirit close akin to reverence, "the wondrous "peageant of a tiny world" whose chiefs, "with resplendent wings, have mighty souls beating in tiny breasts." We cannot help wondering why he persists in calling the queens "kings." But this, after all, is a trifling irregularity, perhaps only a bit of poetic license. Poets are poets, not college professors. Thy are magicians. What they lay their hands on they invest, also, with a new meaning. Marvelous power this poet possesses. Marvelous music he can make. He speaks of the swift rushing of the north wind:

> *Ille volat, simul argo fuga, simul aequora verrens.*

Or of snatching a stone to destroy a serpent:

> *. . . Cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor.*

Always the expression in accord with the impression to be made. Always the felicitous mating of sense with sound. So, of the old farmer with his few unwanted acres that nevertheless afford the best life a man may experience on earth, he says:

> *"et cum tristis hiems otiamnum frigore saxa*
> *rumperet et glacis cursus frenaret aquarum,*
> *millo comam meliis iam tondebat hyacinthi*
> *aestatem increpitans esram Zephyrosque morantis."*

> "When sullen winter was still bursting the rocks with the cold, and curbing running waters with ice, he was already culling the soft hyacinth's bloom, chiding laggard summer and the loitering zephyrs."

To go back just one moment. When the birthday cake came in—which Mr. Publius Vergilius Maro was not there to cut—we wondered at its carrying aloft only two candles. Our hostess explained. There were, she felt, occasions when to tell was not so important as to foretell. She ventured to foretell, for her beautiful poet, a longevity of at least two thousand years. And after that—she smiled a gay, sad, confident little smile . . . no doubt other celebrants would lighting other candles in honor of the same imperishable spirit.

***The translations used in this article were made by Mr. H. R. Fairclough, of Stanford University.*

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THE CARMELITE

IRVING FINEMAN, ENGINEER AND NOVELIST

By YVONNE K. NAVAS-REY

(*Madame Navas-Rey, who has been taking post-graduate work in Yale University, has transferred her studies to Columbia University, New York.*)

The Writer's Club of Columbia University is a student group organized to hear successful writers speak of their work. I went to the meeting of October fieteenth at the Casa Italiana. I was distinctly not impressed by the young lady novelist who spoke first, but the interesting person of the occasion was Irving Fineman. He is the winner of the Longmans, Green prize of seven thousand five hundred dollars for the novel, "This Pure Young Man."

Irving Fineman is a homely boy, and strangely physcially suggestive of engineering. It would be difficult to imagine any normal human being not being drawn to him. His chief characteristic is modesty and yet he believes in himself sufficiently not to allow any idea of his to be disposed of until at least he has had a chance to follow it down sufficiently far to satisfy himself that the investigation of it has been complete. He presented as a fact, neither as an asset nor as a liability, his scientific training; it followed as a natural consequence that his literary qualifications have evolved out of his science. He said it was the war that caused the change to take place in him and added that he was far from being the only one. He made one feel at all times that he was constantly in tune with the universe about him. In other words, he is not self-centered. He said, also stating it as a fact, that life had appeared to him, after the war, as a mess and that he turned to novels, not as a means of escape, but as a means of clarification.

He described his method, which is the outcome of scientific method. He said as others have done lately, that this consisted of a series of "hunches," each "hunch," however, to be carefully investigated as to its nature. His literary method, he said, was the same, with this difference, that while two mathematicians, working on an equation, are bound to achieve the same result, two authors, working on a same literary theme, would arrive at different conclusions. And while Fineman did not say so, one could not help but surmise that for this reason he was growing to prefer the literary world to the strictly scienific, with its immutability.

He said he was primarily interested in America and in the American scene, for the reason that it seemed to him that it was primarily of importance at this stage of the world's history. In Europe he said, all intelligent people were asking themselves whether this influence of Amrica, so prevalent at present, was to be or good or for bad. Personally I am sorry he did not mention Russia, because she looms equally important as the United States.

He said that this country, in the last century, outside of developing its material resources, had remained in a state of innocence, and that the war had changed this. It was not extraordinary, he thought, under the circumstances, that this lusty young nation had lost its bearings and occasionally made a wrong move. And so the theme of a young man, having kept, according to his own words, the rather naive idealism of the nineteenth century, and finding himself morally superior to those about and around him, had occurred to him.

§ §

I would like to make an attempt, even if it be a clumsy one, to place the psychology of this *sympathique* young American before you. He lacks the technique, of course, of the polished European, but somehow does not need it. An inborn dignity, a self-assurance that never degenerates into self-conceit, is a worthy substitute. One can imagine him more than holding his own, making friends everywhere, learning all that is to be learned, and yet never ceasing to be himself, wherever his fate might take him.

"IF"

Lord Dunsany's "If" in its closing week at the Pasadena Community Playhouse is said to rival Gilmor Brown's recent production of "Marco Millions" in colorful magnitude and spectacular appeal.

If we are to believe the press agent, beauty vies with realism in creating in it an atmosphere of romantic adventure reminiscent of the Arabian Nights entertainment, as John Beal, through the gift of a crystal, re-lives the last ten years of his life in thrilling escapades in India.

Live rabbits, a pig and even crocodiles not only enliven the production for the audience but make the lives of the production committee a trial and put them in constant menace.

Morris Ankrum, in addition to his work in directing, doubles up in two minor roles.

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JOE SCHOENINGER EDITOR

OUR VIEWS

MY IMPRESSIONS OF A COUNCIL MEETING

I went to a council meeting the other evening and saw what it was doing. I went with Joe Coughlin, because he had to get the low-down for the next week's Carmelite. It was a very long meeting, as they always are, and pretty interesting for me. They discussed all of Carmel's ideosyncrocies (?) and decided what should be done. The letters that they received were of the most interest, as it was fun to see how the Council would act on them. I will go again as long as it is not a "school night."

FOUR-H CLUB

Th 4-H club is an organization of Farm boys and girls. They have 4-H clubs all over the United States. Our emblem is the four leaf clover with an "H" in each leaf. The "H's" mean Head, Heart, Hand and Health.

The motto is: As a true club member I pledge:
My head to clearer thinking
My heart to greater loyalty
My hands to larger service
and My health to better living.
For my club, my community, and my country.

The girls may either, or both, raise a field and be in the girl's work. The field crop projects are agricultural. The boys may be in the agricultural projects and if they want to, they can be in the girl's work too.

Bernard Schulte

SUNSET GLOW

The Sunset Glow is the Sunset School paper. It has been going three years very successfully. It is sponsored by the Student Body. I like it because it gives all the children a chance to write in it. The first issue will appear at an early date. In the past three years it has been printed regularly every six months. Now that we have a school mimeograph it has been printed on it and has been about six to ten pages long. This year Dorothy Clark has been elected as Editor and her job will be in the coming issue.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS

Soccer, baseball, football and kick-ball are the most used sports on the Sunset School playfield. At present soccer and kick-ball are the most popular. Baseball will come in later and football is played all through the school year. At the morning recess, noon and the afternoon recess the games are played. In the morning from half-past eight untill nine o'clock, everybody plays everything. After school we have soccer and football games that are scheduled.

Last night we had an exciting football game. Eighth grade against eleven picked players from the rest of the school. Which included the Seventh Grade and to the Fifth. It was a keen game with lots of yelling and much enthusiasm on the part of the players. The first of the game was marked with a touchdown by the Eighth Grade, but in the last the other team got one and converted, making the score six to seven.

Miscellaneous Mishaps

COLLECTED BY DANNY LOCKWOOD.

Joe S.: Do you know any jokes?
Bill V.: Sure.....You!

***

Gordon D. How much gin can a Scotchman hold.
Danny L.: Any *given* amount.

***

Our new class president started out the meeting this way:
Will the order please come to meeting.
The minutes will please read the secretary.

***

Please notice carefully the articles in this issue. You will find one about the Four Aches Club.

SOMETHING ABOUT CANADA OR THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN INDIANS NO.5.

Of course there are many different tribe of Indians in British Columbia but I know best the Siwash of the north and the Coast Indian of the southwest. In the north they make dugouts from he great cottonwood trees, they use small fires to assist them in hollowing out the great trunk they have chosen for their canoe. I have seen them crossing the lakes up there in a dugout so loaded down with Indians and their grubstake going to their far northern traplines that now and again water shipped in over the sides. The squaws up there make very fine moccasins of buckskin, elegantly decorated with many colored beads and also baskets of the stout bark of the northern birch.

The Indians of the Fraser Valley make their baskets of the strong fibrous roots of the cedar tree, these they soak and work to pliability, then weave into various useful and attractive articles decoraed with dyed strands in patterns which are sometimes symbolical The men catch salmon to eke out the living, the squaws exchange their baskets for clothes and household utensils

The Coqueleetza Indian School is a fine large boarding school where hundreds of Indian children receive a very practical educaion in pleasing surroundings. In the entrance hall is a most interesting museum of Indian relics, Totem poles, canoes, paddles, carved images and ancient pottery. Joyce Burtt.

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